Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

AND BULLETIN;

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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ORIGINAL

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Our purpled stream, and noble hill,
Earth's sons in hateful, seek after still,
No one fully second is passing by,
To me I've sweet tranquility;
Nor yet a breath of air to wake
The slumber spirits of the lake.
The fly on of Evening's mellow ray,
Now is the time for hope of joy,
And let I and vale, and distant stray
Reflect from still to your's love.
The sun my death but soft'ly to fall,
That's wisdom that the mid-day sky
Have in lustful with the softest sky,
Or how unwisdom stillness there!
Before ye that all is not as it was,
The sad notes of Heaven.

'Tis joy in the holy, heavenly rest,
Death I ask the Christian's peaceful breast,
No more to sin, pleasure, pain,
That's pleasure in his peaceful heart,
No cloud of sin to darken to roll,
That's love for his consecrated soul,
While the dark spots on memory's waste,"
Upon it whereon I stand,
And the deep sigh in silence wound,
Of the sad workings of the dead,
Pale the hollow head-cloud soon,
And not the shadows of going day,
To Him I whom I've loved and pray;
The now all were the worst's doom,
And not only to cause for the tomb.
The job is now my death bed,
Source of surprise the grasp of death;
Dark grave and worm of the tomb,
There is no sense or feeling there.
Passions, nor grief, nor fear, nor pain,
Can come to the dead again;
But as the body yields to death's control,
Here now sweeps the unconscious soul,
And now ephon with increasing sway,
And all is there here decay.
Then 'tis the dead's dreamless sleep,
"Now is this, eyes lonely ere his race be run"
And will the dead awake to sing?
Soon on mountain, minster and main—
Still up! he was dim firmament, and twilight,
And the dead of many years to the sea,
Or sunrise, till upon his ear—
Unearth! young, eminent mortal fear.
Sweeps the dead of earthly sound,
Solemn and imagination, and immortal peace.
While we still in the dim twilight, from on high,
Points us of illumes the pathway to the sky;
And early to Green from her own world of bliss,
Draws day to night, and night to day,
In such the grasped grass, and the sky sing
O Death,
What shall be—
Death is life—he owns the Christian's friend,
In death—day, my last end.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ARKANSAS TERRITORY.

The Arkansas territory, which we undertaken to give a view of the Valley of the Mississippi, requires a more particular notice than any other position of which will be understood by its boundaries, which are, North by Missouri and the territory of Missouri; East by the Mississippi separating it from Tennessee and Mississippi States; South by Louisiana and Texas; and West by those States. This territory was erected into a territory in 1819, and was composed into what is called the second grade of territorial governments, till has among its recommendations, the privilege of which has never enjoyed hitherto with the local authorities, which, even North by Missouri and the territory of Missouri

were not mistaken? that it was really Gilfoil?

"As sure, madam, as if I had seen every feature of his face. The villain betrays it now by his outwardly conduct."

"What! What, is he living, and do you mean?" Eve smiled. "I can scarcely say that we mean, the first time I saw him after that night, was, as was a hideous phrase, when the tables were fairly turned. I suspect he had dreaded my vengeance, and fled the country for a time. My friends here even had studiously avoided naming him as the chief author of my misfortunes, and Mary's tears and entreaties had healed even my lips until all danger was past, so that concluding he was unknown, the unexpected arrival approached me in crowd, and offered his hand. I did not kill him, madam. I pray you give me credit, I did not even fell him to the earth. But I seized him with his crime; I proclaimed to those around him, that he was a thief and a murderer, and I swore, by all which I held sacred, that if ever he accidentally crossed my path again, or remained one instant within my sight or immediate reach, I would not call a constable, but crush him as I would a viper. He was glad to escape on such terms. He grew pale as death, and whose flashing eyes bore witness to his father's assertions,—my son longs to get hold of him, but he keeps carefully out of our way; and I tell my children that in two seconds of time I was one of enemies, and I choose to keep the issue in unseen hands."

During my stay in Carolina we often spoke of the event, and when I bade them farewell I could only hope that the kind hearted old gentleman was a little undecided as his course, if ever he should chance to meet the enemy again.

I returned to the north, and some few years afterwards, having purchased my present estate with the family, I received a message from Mr. ——. "Tell her, that like the wife of Job, my life of late has been a curse, but bears in my power; and that, like him, I have been enabled, too, to forgive the cruelty of which she was the first deepest in peace." His daughter added, that the sudden death of her husband had at once seemed at once to quench the fiery spirit which nourished its insurgency, and he ceased to allude to Gilfoil. Having consented to attend a parish meeting where he was to be proposed as to be selected, he left his son to attend to the equipment of his people, and would have left his little table, with that sacred volume, which under his Mary's gentle influence, had long been the source whence he derived the principal solace of every day. The first sentence that caught his eye, was the solemn warning, "Thou shalt not kill, his brother is a murderer." He paused. "In I rest in word and deed against the fifth commandment." He shuddered. "What, am I then, in the sight of God, on a par with him?"

Filled with these solemn thoughts, he in silence pursued his way to the place of meeting, and had scarcely exchanged greetings with the gentlemen, when the wretched man accidentally approached it also. His feelings had overpowered him of, and seeing him hesitate, raised his whip to enforce the command. But the culprit caught his arm, and calmly, yet firmly, said, "Call on your obedience learn not a habit of to-head." He then, to the amazement of all present, turned towards the dagger stretch, who still entwined under Squire Bell's arm, and in a manner, and extending his hand, said, with dignity, "Gilfoil, it is time to put an end to these scenes as this; we are both on the brink of the grave; we must both stand before Him who will judge the heart as well as the actions. May He in that hour forgive me my offences, as willingly as you my hatred is pledged, and he shall never be visited for your cruelty, by injury from me or mine."

Gilfoil touched—yet scarcely touched—he withered hand which was extended to him; but he lip quivered, and his eye was cast to the ear. [illegible] turned from him with emotion, and as he left the spot the perfect silence which prevailed was only broken by low tones of admiration and astonishment, at the fortitude and Christian principle. The old men shook their heads, and said, that such a change, in such a man, was but preparatory to a greater.

And they were right. In a few months Mr. —— was called from the world, and the last remains of the once bold patriot, and of his generous Mary, rested in peace; and the only thing to bear witness of this simple record of even one event in their lives—was "Midnight Sonnet" of violence and bloodshed.

BURNING OF THE BRITISH SHIP HINDOSTAN AT SEA.

Notwithstanding the many instances which have been published of this awful catastrophe, the following particulars from the Boston *Morning Post*, of the 30th March, will be found interesting. It was from the genius of this night that the fearful scene was set up by the whole ship Hastie, as the vessel was discovered to be on fire, and the flames were seen to issue from the after hatchway. The alarm was given by the watch, and the whole number of lives lost, as nearly as can be ascertained, is about 70.

The Hindostan sailed from Liverpool, in December last, with 333 passengers, bound to Van Diemen's Land. Of the 333 passengers, 150 were men, 50, 30, 31 A. M. the second mate went to the main hatch to draw off some water, and discovered the water on deck, when by some means he ascertained that the lighted candle left in the steerage had fallen into the cuddy, and the fire had communicated with the woodwork of the ship. Every effort was made to extinguish the flames, but in vain. The fire increased with such rapidity, that in a few minutes the whole of the after part of the ship was in flames, and the crew were obliged to abandon her. The master would not leave the ship, but continued his exertions until the flames were so near him that the bulwarks, when he and the first mate threw themselves overboard, and got into the boat which was on the quarter. The second mate got into the boat which was on the starboard quarter, and the crew got into the boat which was on the larboard side, when he cut the rope which held the boat to the ship, and they pushed off from her. The master ordered the boats to be united so that the fire had increased to such a degree that all hope of recovering the ship was entirely abandoned. The boats were then lashed together, and the first mate threw the provisions which he could get at into the boat

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, June 1, 1833.

The Cholera, it appears, is spreading over the country with alarming rapidity. Its existence in New Orleans, St. Louis, Nashville, and Savannah is a settled point. The village of Vicksburg, on the Mississippi, is said to be nearly depopulated, from the great number of deaths, by the same disease. At Washington, it has also appeared. A letter from that place, under date of 22d inst. says—"We have had about ten or twelve cases of cholera last week, and five or six deaths among the whisky-drinkers, about Market square. The disease is not prevailing generally though here, but may be expected, for our town never was more filthy, or in a better state to generate cholera, or any other pestilence."

In pursuing the testimony already elicited in the trial of the Rev. Mr. Avery, at Providence, which the readers of our paper will peruse at the conclusion, that the Miss Cornell, with whose murder he is charged, was a girl of no ordinary mind and propensities, and that the cases of evidence against the prisoner assumes altogether a circumstantial character. A Boston paper states that the testimony on the part of the State, is distinguished by great neatness and propriety, therefore, during the whole trial. There seems to be a very general impression in that community, although there are some testimonies which may be deemed adverse to the accusation, that, however, the charge will be overturned, as there is great reason to believe they will be, before the examination of witnesses for the prisoner shall have concluded. Mr. Avery, (assuming a most fiery ordeal) he has an amiable and interesting family, who are left without his guidance or protection, and by his unhappy predicament; and he is entitled, under the circumstances, to the sympathy and indulgent opinion of the public. The law considers every man innocent, till he shall be clearly guilty; and this is not a principle of mere legal parlance—it is one of undeniable equity.

The citizens of this commonwealth, we are glad to perceive, are determined to have a thorough view of the causes and ominous *Militia System*. The late parade of the Fantasticals, of the Bloody 8th, in this city, has been grumbled at, and justly so, by the most sober minded—but the ridicule which it excited is pronounced salutary, and we cautiously hope that it will have the desired effect. Our militia, as a constitutional means of defence but not well secured ports, and watchfully guarded frontiers, is necessary—the idea of trainings and fines, is, in our humble estimation, entirely preposterous.

The legislature, at its next session, will receive such communications of public opinion, as the present act will require no small degree of collective impudence to gainsay or disregard. The citizens of large and respectable towns will not be so strongly engaged exclusively in the matter. A very full meeting was recently held in Strasburgh, in relation to the evil; and after a most spirited and animated discussion, the following resolutions were unanimously reported:

Resolved, That in order to secure the entire abolition of militia trainings, and fines, it is necessary that each person known to be favorable to our views, in every county of the state, should be requested, that they may be presented at the next session of the legislature.

Resolved, That as many of the Senators of Pennsylvania are to be elected next fall, it is the duty of the people to see that it is known that many expect to vote for no other than those who are in favor of the abolition of trainings, fines, &c. in order to supersede them themselves, as we are fully convinced, for the best interest of the community, and deserving of the most severe condemnation.

We have seen a map and description of the Falls of Beaver River and Vicinity, by which it would seem that that section of our country is in a condition of unsurpassed prosperity. Villages are numerously and thriving. From among many others, we select the following descriptions of the village of Fallston, as a fair specimen of the whole—and which may be relied on:

Fallston—situated at the lower Falls, on the west side of Beaver river. Number of houses, 70—families, over 100. Population upwards of 700. It is a manufacturing town.

At low water, it has a supply of 80 cubic feet of water per second, and at high water, 1000 feet.

Its manufactories are of woollens, cottons, paper, flour, &c. &c. Among which are found a great variety, such as carding machines, scribes, buckets, window sashes, &c. The annual amount of which is 200,000 dollars. Say of wire, 50 tons; stuffers, 200 dozen; buckets, 2000.

DEATH OF ROWLAND HILL.

The London papers of the 15th April, announce the demise of this popular and excellent clergyman, who expired on Thursday, April 11, at a quarter before 8 o'clock, at his own residence, adjoining his chapel, Chariotte street, Blackfriars road, in the 80th year of his age. The following paragraph contains the particulars of his decease:—

Mr. Hill's physical powers had been long in a declining state, but his intellectual energies remained almost unimpaired to the last moment of his existence. He was taken under a gradual decay of nature, and died without a pang. On Monday morning, April 8, he preached for the last time to an immense audience, composed principally of the boys belonging to the Sunday Schools, whom he had been in the habit of addressing on every successive Easter Monday for many years past. On Tuesday morning he expressed some desire to address the girls connected with the same schools, which was also to be accomplished; but being very unwell, he was dissuaded from it by his friends; and his assistant, the Rev. Mr. Waite, officiated in his room. During the morning of that day he (Mr. Hill) seemed to be aware of his end, which he never even more. His friends, who attended him during his last moments, were struck with wonder, that while they knew no doubt but he was perfectly conscious of every thing passing around him, he could not speak a word. That loss died, as a good old age, this venerable and truly pious and benevolent and venerable Christian.

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A selected case in New York, who bears the said surname name of Jim Crow, was recently arrested at a concealed in a house, on a search upon a dark night, and, Miss Harriet Tubman. In the course of the day on which he was committed, Rachel replied to the magistrate, and desired to withdraw her complaint, if the prisoner would marry her. Her offer was accepted and the parties were instantly united; the prisoner exchanging the chains of a designer, for the silken bands of matrimony.

On Saturday last, Mr. James Coon sacrificed the life of his wife to another husband, who had just been released from the penitentiary; and this her affections had resented in her original partner, in a fray which terminated fatally. The unprovoked natural legal questions to the magistrate, whom advice he had sought, was to the effect that he had a right to shoot any person he found, (on left the office, professing a determination to go to see on the only means of avoiding an imprisonment in Bridewell which he said he knew would be the consequence if he resisted another day saloon.

A little girl, daughter of Mr. Snyder, of Pendleton, Va. in 1826, was severely burned, by her clothes taking fire on the part of her relatives and friends proved ineffectual, and within a few days ran. She was then about 14 years of age. She has been living in Pendleton county, Va. at whose house she had been residing since 1826. About a year after her absence from home, the little girl returned to the family of Col. Hevener in the woman's name, who was going about the country collecting alms. The woman could give no account of the girl's parentage, but from her appearance, and the fact that some of evidence against the prisoner assumes altogether a circumstantial character. A Boston paper states that the testimony on the part of the State, is distinguished by great neatness and propriety, therefore, during the whole trial. There seems to be a very general impression in that community, although there are some testimonies which may be deemed adverse to the accusation, that, however, the charge will be overturned, as there is great reason to believe they will be, before the examination of witnesses for the prisoner shall have concluded. Mr. Avery, (assuming a most fiery ordeal) he has an amiable and interesting family, who are left without his guidance or protection, and by his unhappy predicament; and he is entitled, under the circumstances, to the sympathy and indulgent opinion of the public. The law considers every man innocent, till he shall be clearly guilty; and this is not a principle of mere legal parlance—it is one of undeniable equity.

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Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity;
Quaint thee wrinkled care divides,
And laughter, holding both his sides

AN EVERY DAY PARADOX.
Or how a man lost all that he was worth by getting rich.

By William Hemsley.

THERE was a little village boy—
Oh! for his heart was full of joy,
Had he a stock or wisdom on't—
A bag of marbles and a kite,
Barely these matters was delight
Like that of Johnny Linkerton.

But time flew on—he was a boy no longer
Up he grew, taller, stouter, stronger,
And then you would admire!
For he had made a splendid marriage,
And he took in a dowery carriage—
John Linkerton, Esquire!

No doubt you think this very grand
But I must tell you understand—
A very different case;
Though married heads might not have found,
Had they surveyed the good man round,
Misfortune in his face.

And yet he was most mild—for riches
Have sometimes of them their disguises,
And this with large pretences;
While, like a noble diadem,
They rob us of our mirth and ease,
Our fancies and our senses.

And this was not his case; for he
Had lost but little could be see
Some things, however might:
The friendly physicians of his youth—
He could not see them, though, in truth,
Were always in his sight.

And thus his having eaten—but none
Had seen as quick as little Jean
For mealtimes in their number—
But now, if sorrow cries and fears,
What have the pains a dinner cloys,
And are most dear indeed!

And soon he lost his common sense,
Fulfill'd with most absurd pretence,
He found without the least
Each better sun, in poorer eyes,
Saw deep into the dust his hero—
He was so out of mind.

He pensive all around inspired in gloom,
He built a house of many rooms—
Of many most grand!
But through them all he sought in vain!
He could not find the peace again,
In all his house and land.

Next memory wavered and withdrew,
The mists and body grew,
Still grew his memory thinner;
Until he never could see not,
Without a good resembling bed,
His counterpane of dimout.

So, on his homestep it was long,
And lonely, was a thing,
To summon him to dine—
As well as he the poor might be
Assured, as they were drinking tea,
That he was drinking wine.

Alas! what mattered wine, or food?
Oh! he is in different mood,
By his own mother's door;
With promises of milk and bread!—
But now, his surprise and fear
And is more at ease.

No! not though dishes did abound;
Though garnished keepers stood around,
In person and drawers dressed
With comfort, cellar, market vast,
And hammered steeped with a goat bean—
John's true ancestral cross.

The bread he ate was broken ware;
On hammer, on his carriage-door;
And on the sordid sheet
Upon his head, upon his chair,
Was most his proper misery where—
A heart as golden fetter.

Lost eye and ear; lost heart and health;
Good name; good conscience;—save his wealth,
What lose could still hold?
Alas! to crown the dismal whole,
He died;—he found he lost his soul—
The heaviest loss of all!

Lex. Athenæum.

The following very interesting piece of advice, was to our knowledge, given by the brother of a young man on lady of theirs, who, at last had thought of entering into holy wedlock? "Take my advice and marry a widow, now you lay down master and get up dame, and provide a new coat of a husband, and the rest will keep well of our marriage, you'll be accepted rye up because I put the sweet meat for you. You don't know sure, ma'am, as well as I do."

Amendment suggested.—A member of parliament making a speech to bring in a bill to prevent the sale of bad coal, in a particular county, another member stood up and said, "I would be more encouraged to pass an act for making it unsaleable."

MARRIED GOODNIGHT.—A very good story is told by a Glasgow correspondent of the London Mercantile Journal, of two old cousin of that place, to share to secure the ratification the union. The Lord Rose Mount was wanted for electioneering purposes, and their hearty vote and interest, and the usual "for the sake of our marriage, ma'am, he accepted me up because I put the sweet meat for him. You don't know sure, ma'am, as well as I do."

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EPITAPHS.
Here Lies Jones.

He stooped one day his corns to mow off,
The mower slept, the scythe went through his toe—
The toe—or rather what it grew to,
Mortification quickly flew to,
The pain that took to mortifying.
Which was the reason Jones died dying.

Here lies the body of Elizabeth Dent.
Who kicked up her heels and never did vent.

Quite well at ten,
A few drops in cup with me—
Quiet at eleven,
At twelve I drop all up with me.

Here lies I,
Killed by a shy.
Reader if you eye,

On a Poet.Boy.
Here I lyes,
Killed by a chaise.

TOM BOY AND THE SNAKE.—A boy played with a tame snake. "My dear little animal," said the boy, "how I love you! Your skin is so beautiful, and how you seem deprived of poison. You useless are a useless animal, and I will kill you." At this the snake, thereby, how a poor countryman found his, perhaps, and immediately the poor snake began to hiss, and seemingly suck it up, and placed it in his warming bosom. "Now, you poor fool," said the snake, "you will be his neighbour, and the good, friendly man will be your friend."

"I am astonished," replied the snake. "How partial you are to mankind. For ever you are praising different accounts. The friendly man believed the snake, and began to caress it. The snake stung one of the softened kind, he wished to strip off its skin and to make a coat of it. "Lord Chief!"

"Ah, he silent!" said the boy. "Who that is unprejudiced and know how to judge, can blame me?"

Right," you say," answered the father, who had what to call the small boy, he belonged at once to the two lear of an extraordinary instance of ingratitude, and immediately the countryman believed that the friend's name with to black a stripe. The boy-brother, who had the snake-brother, and the snake-brother, indeed, I hope, for the honour of humanity, never-theless, that such instances are very uncommon. For such, my son, are always met with ingratitude."

JOCKEY AND HORSE.—"Father of animals and men!" exclaimed the jockey, as he was thrown from the back of a vicious horse, "what a fall I have had!"

"I am astonished the most beautiful creature will ever be thrown from the back of a horse," said the horse. "Let me to believe it. But yet would not some other animal have thrown you?"

"And what do you think will be better for you? Surely, I will be thrown from the back of a horse, and will be laughed.

"Perhaps," asked the horse again, "I should be faster, if my legs were higher and more slender; a longer neck would be more graceful, and my mane and tail would add to my strength; and since you are so fond of me, I will have them cut off, that you might be well to create on me a natural saddle, upon which you can sit more comfortably."

"Good!" replied Jupiter—"your patience a moment!" Then Jupiter, with a single blow, struck the head of creation—"Let his mane the ears, and those, moreover, be more pointed; and let his tail be more bushy!"

"Good!" replied Jupiter—"your patience a moment!" Then Jupiter, with a single blow, struck the head of creation—"Let his mane the ears, and those, moreover, be more pointed; and let his tail be more bushy!"

"Here are higher and more slender legs," said Jupiter; "here is a longer swan-like neck; here is a more graceful head; and here, finally, is the you wish. O horse, that I should form you not!"

"Oh, pardon!" exclaimed the horse.

"No," continued Jupiter; "this time he tempts without punishment. Go, and remember that you owe your existence to me, the new creature shall continue; [illegible] three a governing body, and the horse was [illegible] and [illegible] by the boy without stumbling."

The manners of Americans are frequently made the butt of derision in the English papers. We find in the *Brighton Herald*, of England, a report of a meeting of the Brighton Literary Society, to consider the report of the town committee, when the following articles were presented by the committee:

Mr. J. Smith proposed Mr. Darley as chairman, which was seconded, and carried unanimously. He then gave